

P. L.

Wayland, Jan. 14th 1860.

Dear Friend,

I don't know what possessed you to write to me at Cambridge. I merely had the idea of stopping at my brother's an hour or two, on my way home, after the Fair. I can not afford you any assistance in the culinary department. I never ask a relation for anything. That is a standing rule with me. I don't know a person in the "vast world," with whom I should feel at liberty to ask for a cake.

I don't think I understand the arrangements very well. The fact is, I am stupid about such things; and I never tried to acquire any skill, because I always thought you had such a decided talent that way, that it was your "manifest destiny" to lead, and mine to obey. If I have any need of ribbon cockades, I prefer brown centre relieved on white, or brown alone, if it be not ^{too} quiet a color to be sufficiently conspicuous for your purpose.

L M Child

As for "who shall lead me to the table," I should prefer not to be among the elect in Paradise, but to roam about free and promiscuous, with sinness in the outer regions.

I think also, I can take care of myself; but if I must have a marshall, or anything of that sort, appoint whom you please. I shall be an awkward recruit, you see. I expect to be at Mrs. Follen's on the 24th, and she can talk some comprehension into me.

The sum of all I wish to say is, that I don't want to be conspicuous, but to be useful in a quiet way.

Last night a letter from Sarah Shaw informed me that she is in Boston, and I have just written to her to help me do the polite, unless she is engaged at Mrs. Russell's table. If she is, perhaps H. Sargent, or Mrs. Southwick will aid me, we will see.

I have not seen or heard from Mrs. Stearns, for a long time. All I know about her bringing flowers is, that Mrs. Follen wrote "Mrs Stearns and her flowers."

Good bye till we meet at Mrs. Follen's,
Yours truly, L. M. C.